

bpNichol / THREE POEMS
from *THE MARTYROLOGY*
Bo(o)ks 7(VII) & (10)₈

SAW

faces of grandparents
great grandparents

mist connections

opportunities

knocks
of life

disconnectedness of flesh

four generations &
we no longer know them

bodies we came out of
distant as other planets

translated

heavenly

pray to of
gone nova or
imploded

years mass
dwarf into this inaccurate noun 'family'
the definite names lost
only the verb remains
everything conveyed in accurate words

WAS

●
certain myths:

we will be happy
know happiness
arrive at some point of inner truth &
never know unhappiness again

then:

keeping an appointment made months ago
you discover lacunae
(which is what you fear/feared) or
some final (or partial) absence
the unplanned closure of what you had imagined as

part of the point of
sudden caesura
the heart attacked (the spine)
lines stop
life
a book
unexpected shifts that

which has its own sweet logic
heart beat nar rate

(cosis, cissus
whale tales of
rators & their ilk)'s

controlled

sudden as a word you are part of

MA { E ternity
PA }

taking your turn
endless in that temporal sky
no dove but

(in the dream the three (two?) lives were like choices made
 sense part of some writing made while on the journey that did
 not go as intended

man story
in the labyrinth
manstor why?

from the dream
 (03/09/86)

of purchase, choice & packaging everything the confusion
 destination nor the timetable nor nothing fit neither the
 (swirl of snow)

beyond the lit window
 not memory nor any feeling of absence
 presence rather gathers you in
 holds you all in a night's longing
 away from you the recognition
 whatever the loss endured in the full giving
 i is lead to "i loves you"
 the words mean are

(life you take it on
 like a mask
 like am ask you to is))

) as an ending and

(intheheatoftheaugustsunthehorizonwa^ver_s

couplesin clumpson thehot beachsand

waveswaveraswesavoursun

arise dill
out of the garden a rose and those dafodils and cosmos

) absolute and present

- a. Be!
- b. See?!
- c. ?

d e f g
h i j k l m n o p
q r ST u v
w x y z

rev { elations
 { olutions

ch ch ch ch
angels
in the wings

widen at every stage

terrible and wonderful
the beating rhythms of the strange seizures
play o play
across the skin
i is in
love
 the body of
heart beating
the tongue
 sings
its terror its
belief
grief & passion &
all you have ever known
will never know
is faith is
the face & being of the beloved
here, in this world words are
of
beat in rhythm with
the angel's wings
thinking even at the end of speaking

Nov 85 thru May 86

●

the waste of my words & works. the worth.
a balance. something to be said for history.
everything dissolves in time
or vanishes, goes unseen, unheard, unsaid,
inappropriate to another space or head
confronting its own struggle with its body
's decay.

buildings turning to dust around us.
Via Principe Amedeo in the morning sunlight.
sky blue. we crossed Via Roma, Palazza Reale in the distance.
four centuries in a glance. that dance. that man's
folly or triumph. her dis. her grace. sunlight in the piazza.
our bodies, our sounds, words, this page, even as you read,
even as your vision, your life —uneven, even —fade, fades.

Torino
May 7th 1987